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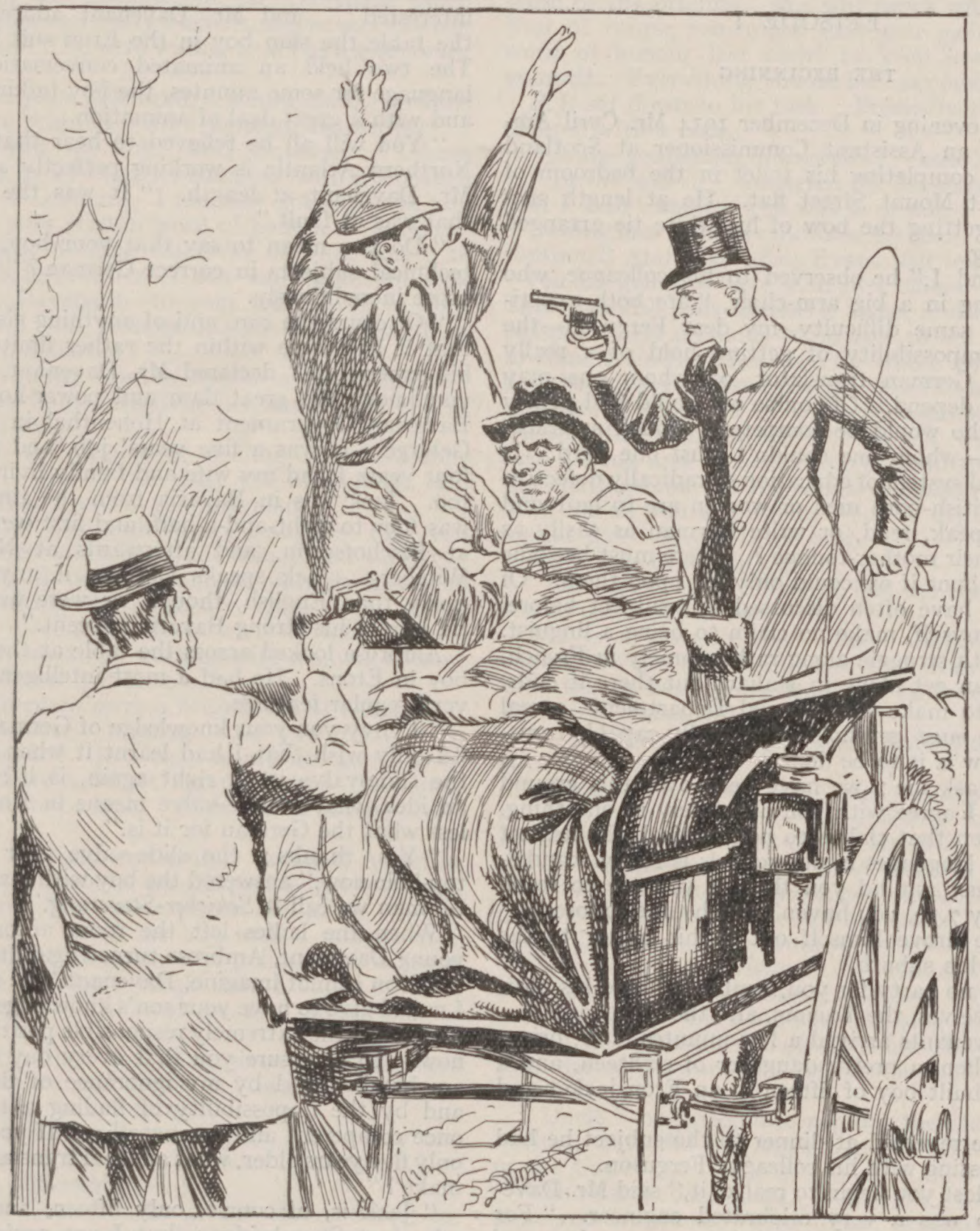

Our New Serial: P.J., THE SECRET SERVICE BOY

BY LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON

The above shows what happened in the Sixth Episode of this thrilling story. The First Episode begins overleaf.

P.J.

THE SECRET SERVICE BOY

EPISODE I

THE BEGINNING

ON an evening in December 1914 Mr. Cyril Ambrose, an Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard, was completing his toilet in the bedroom of his pleasant Mount Street flat. He at length succeeded in getting the bow of his white tie arranged to his liking.

"You and I," he observed to his colleague, who was smoking in a big arm-chair, "are both experiencing the same difficulty, my dear Ferguson—the apparent impossibility of getting hold of a really competent German translator, on whom one may thoroughly depend. Of course one could find plenty of aliens who would be competent enough as translators, but—whom one couldn't trust one yard. Is our national system of education so radically defective that no British-born men or women are to be found who can speak, read, or write German as easily as they can their mother-tongue? There must be some knocking about if we could only hit upon them. Of course, we have often discussed this subject before. You, like myself, make no claim to being a linguist. We can both struggle along rather lamely in French, and you can get along in Italian, but there it ends. If we are to make the 'Special Department' a real success, we *must* get hold of a really capable translator. How is it to be done?"

"Don't ask me; we have been over this ground so often. I agree with you absolutely in one thing. For a nation that claims to be practical, the neglect of modern languages in our schools is really scandalous. I must remind you that, if you are to reach Dulwich by 7.30, you haven't much time to lose."

Ambrose drove himself out in his motor to the south London suburb.

"We've no party for you, Ambrose," said his host. "Just ourselves, the Trevors, and the Davenants."

The Davenants arrived a few minutes later, bringing with them a pretty daughter of eighteen, and a very slim-built boy of fifteen in an Eton jacket and collar.

Ambrose reverted at dinner to the subject he had been discussing with his colleague Ferguson.

"So at last you begin to realize it," said Mr. Davenant, who was a very celebrated engineer. "For years I have been preaching, in season and out of season, that English people are handicapping themselves hopelessly, in business, in literature, and in general knowledge, by their refusal to learn foreign languages. I don't call stuttering out a few lame sentences knowing a language, and I maintain that the English have a greater natural facility for learning languages than most other nations, always excepting the Dutch and the Russians. Now, to show you that I practise what I preach, I will ask you to allow me to slip into a language we do not often use just now, and to inquire of my son whether he has been successful in his repairs to a certain model of a Great Northern Atlantic engine in which we are both interested;" and Mr. Davenant addressed across the table the slim boy in the Eton suit in German. The two held an animated conversation in that language for some minutes, the boy talking very fast and with a great deal of animation.

"You will all be relieved to hear that the Great Northern Atlantic is working perfectly again," said Mr. Davenant at length. "It was the slide-valve that was at fault."

"Do you mean to say that your boy can talk of technical subjects in correct German?" asked Ambrose incredulously.

"Of course he can, and of anything else, provided that it has come within the rather limited range of his experience," declared Mr. Davenant. "I built, you know, the great dam and power-house for the Bavarian Government at Hohenthal in the Fichtel Gebirge. It was a five years' job, and for the last four years I had my wife and family living out there too. Jack was in Bavaria from the time when he was four to eight-and-a-half, and first went to school at Bischofsgrün, and afterwards at Neuenmarkt-Wirsberg. Jack speaks German if anything more easily than English, though we were never able to rid him of his strong Bavarian accent."

Ambrose looked across the table at the fair-haired boy in Etons. He had a most intelligent face, with very regular features.

"I envy you your knowledge of German," he said. "I only wish that I had learnt it when young. So the slide-valve is all right again, is it? I haven't an idea what a slide-valve means in English, much less what the German for it is."

"Yes, thanks; the slide-valve gear is working top-hole now," answered the boy with a smile. "In German we call it *Schieber-Steuerung*."

When the ladies left the room accompanied by young Davenant, Ambrose turned again to his father.

"You cannot imagine, Davenant," he said, "what I would give to have your son's knowledge of German. You know the extremely responsible position I occupy now. I can assure you that every day of my life I am handicapped by my ignorance of the language, and by the impossibility of finding a translator at once competent and trustworthy. If your boy were only five years older, what an ideal translator he would make!"

"Jack is, of course, only fifteen, and is still at school at Stonebridge; but I am perfectly certain that if he could be of any service to you as translator he would be only too delighted to volunteer during his holidays, and to do as much work as he could. I know that he would like to help in this great national emergency, and both his mother and I would be pleased that he should do it; only I must stipulate

that he is to be an unpaid volunteer. Jack's spelling is not his strong point, and of course as yet he has only a schoolboy's vocabulary, but you could put his rather primitive language into proper shape. If you care to take him, I will ask him whether he agrees. You will find him quite an intelligent boy."

On leaving the dining-room, Mr. Davenant called his son into a small study where Ambrose was waiting, and asked him if he were willing to act as a temporary translator.

"I should jolly well think I would, dad," said the boy, his face beaming with delight at the prospect.

"Thank you, my boy," said Ambrose. "I have been looking everywhere for some one with a thorough knowledge of German. I am now going to ask you to give me your solemn word of honour as a gentleman to repeat nothing whatever of what comes to your knowledge, either—I am sure that you will forgive me, Davenant—to your parents or to your friends. Will you promise me to treat everything as strictly confidential?"

"I give you my word of honour as a gentleman," repeated the boy, extending his hand, "to repeat nothing whatever."

"That is the beauty of dealing with a Public School boy! Now I can trust you absolutely. Do you know what I am, in the first place?"

"A swell at Scotland Yard. I suppose that you collar murderers and forgers, and coiners and burglars."

"No. My duties are almost entirely confined now to marking down enemy spies, and enemy schemes of espionage. It is what is called Secret Service, and you, when working with me, will become part of the Secret Service too."

Young Davenant gave a little shout of delight.

"How absolutely topping! Do you really mean it, Mr. Ambrose? Is a chap of my age going to be really and truly a Secret Service man? It sounds a lot too good to be true. With pistols and revolvers and things?"

"I mean it really and truly," declared Ambrose, "though I won't answer for the pistols and revolvers. It will be more likely pens, paper, and ink."

"Dad, dad!" cried the boy with a radiant face, "I can't really believe it. I'm going to be a Secret Service man. I don't think that I ought to wear Etons any more. Think of me as a Secret Service man!"

"Remember that you have given me your word of honour not to talk about it," warned Ambrose. "Your name is Jack, I think."

"Dad and mother call me Jack, but every one else and most of the chaps at school call me P.J.—Philip John, you know."

"Well, P.J., can you be at 138 Mount Street tomorrow morning at ten? I'll guarantee you plenty of work."

Accordingly, at 9.45 a.m. next day, the bell of the top flat at 138 Mount Street rang.

"How old are you, P.J.?" asked Ambrose. "You don't look more than thirteen."

"I shall be sixteen in February next; but I wanted to tell you one thing, Mr. Ambrose. I'm perfectly putrid at spelling, and I don't think that I know many grand words. May I just write my translations in my own way, without sweating to find very fine language?"

"Of course you can, provided you give me the sense of the original. We will begin with this one. You of course remember that you gave me your word of honour last night to keep everything to yourself. Everything you do here is confidential."

P.J. sat down to his task. Presently the lift-man entered with a card.

"Is the gentleman downstairs?" asked Ambrose.

"In the 'all, sir," answered the lift-man. "I said that I didn't know if you was in or not."

"Bring him up in five minutes, Evans. Now, P.J.," continued Ambrose, when Evans had left the room, "you are going to have your first official experience. This man Hill calls himself a Swiss, and has a Swiss passport. He pretends to be able to tell us, thanks to some friends of his, exactly where enemy mines have been laid round our coasts. For this he naturally expects to be paid. I have excellent grounds for mistrusting the man absolutely. Now I want you to take a book and to read it, or pretend to read it at the writing-table in the window. Keep your ears open for all you are worth. You're my nephew up for the day—do you catch on?"

P.J.'s face lit up with glee.

"Oh! good egg! It's just like the real detective stories one reads in books."

"It *is* a real detective story. Shove all those papers you are translating into that drawer quickly, then take a book down from the bookcase. Here! *The Coral Island* will do."

At that moment a pale-faced man with red hair entered the room.

"Good morning, Mr. Hill," said Ambrose. "Jack, my boy, take your book with you into the window. My nephew need not disturb us, Mr. Hill."

P.J. withdrew into the bow window, where he placed his elbows on the table, and remained absorbed in his book, his face buried in his hands. He had so placed himself that he could follow every movement of Ambrose and his visitor. Mr. Hill did not waste a second glance at the slim, fair-haired boy who had rather outgrown his Eton suit. A long conversation ensued, at the conclusion of which Mr. Hill rose to go. P.J. darted forward and stood motionless by the centre table.

"Uncle," he cried, interrupting the leave-taking, "which train did dad expect me to take—the 4.30 or the 5.25?"

"The later one, Jack, as I told you before," answered Ambrose, who then accompanied his visitor to the lift.

"Whatever made you behave like that, P.J.?" he asked on his return, after shutting the door. "What was all that nonsense about trains for?"

Young Davenant grinned, and shifted the position of his left foot. Two folded papers lay on the carpet under it.

"When that chap handed you that long list, he pulled out two other papers with it and never noticed that they had fallen down, so I just went and stood on them, and asked you some rotten question about trains. I couldn't think of anything else to do, and I didn't know your other name, so I could only say 'Uncle.' I was rather afraid that you mightn't catch on, but you did. It was awfully clever of you. Mr. Ambrose."

"That was very smartly done, my boy, very smartly indeed, and I see that you can act promptly. Good boy indeed! 'Uncle Cyril' will be my name when you're my nephew. Now we'll see if there is anything in these papers."

"This is really too topping, Mr. Ambrose! It's just like a game, only it isn't one; it's all real. It *is* ripping fun being a Secret Service man!"

"You had better wait a little before saying that. You have only had an hour's experience of it as yet. H'm, h'm, this seems pretty harmless; merely an invitation to bridge and supper. Now, just tell me if you notice anything peculiar about this letter, P.J. Read it out."

"'My dear Mr. Hill,'" read P.J. aloud, "'do not forget that we are counting on you for a fourth at bridge to-night. In spite of war-time difficulties, we shall be able to offer you a tolerably good supper, and I will not forget your favourite Cumberland sauce. Sincerely yours, JANET FLEMING.'—No, I don't notice anything odd about it."

"There's no address whatever."

"Well, I often forget to put in the date myself."

"Of course you do, being only fifteen years old; but you don't forget to put in where you're writing from. There's not a scrap of address there. The other paper is a curious one for a Swiss citizen to carry about with him, for it is a letter written in cipher. Wait a moment. We will compare it with one which fell into our hands yesterday." Ambrose unlocked a drawer, and after a little search drew a paper from it. "These two strike me as being identical. What do your young eyes say?"

"They're both just the same," declared P.J., after comparing the two. "Is that really and truly an enemy cipher, Mr. Ambrose?"

"That is really and truly an enemy cipher, my young friend, and it will go to our cipher expert, Mr. Wrigglesworth. Wrigglesworth is very painstaking and thorough, but a little slow. It may be a fortnight before he returns it to us. What a lot you are learning in one day, aren't you?"

"I should just think I was! An awful lot! That cipher is written in ten columns. Do you know, Mr. Ambrose, I think that it is written in English, because there are y's in it, and there are no y's in German."

"That is a thing I didn't know before. You are a wonderfully sharp boy."

"No, I'm not. Please don't say so. There is another thing I wanted to say, Mr. Ambrose. When you were talking to Hill, you said something about the English Channel, and he called it the *Kanal* twice; I heard him quite plainly. We call it the Channel, and French people call it a word that means 'sleeve.'"

"*La Manche*," suggested Ambrose.

"Yes, that's it; but Germans call it the *Kanal*. I'm never seasick myself, but on a rough day between Dover and Calais it's jolly different to an old canal. Hill must be a German, Mr. Ambrose, else he wouldn't use that word."

"By Jove! Your father told me that I would find you a good translator, but I had no idea that I was getting so capable an assistant. You're a very shrewd and observant lad."

P.J. flushed violently.

"Please don't think me a swanking beast, Mr. Ambrose, but I simply can't help noticing things. If it doesn't sound fearful cheek of me, I couldn't help thinking that that man was trying to pump you about the sailings of the transports. I could hear every word, you know."

"That is the very conclusion at which I arrived myself," smiled Ambrose.

"I couldn't help remembering what was in that second letter you gave me to translate; the list of numbered ports, you know—17 Dover, 18 Folkestone, 19 Newhaven, 20 Portsmouth, 21 Southampton, 32 Plymouth, 33 Falmouth, 34 Bristol, 35 Cardiff. One needn't be very clever to twig that those are all the southern ports from which transports would sail, and this chap kept asking in a roundabout way which of these ports it was that you wanted information about. Of course, if you'd said that you wanted to know about mines laid near Folkestone, he would know that boats would be sailing from there, and it would be just the same with Southampton or Plymouth."

"Well done indeed, P.J.! I saw at once that that was his game; but it was very quick of you to have spotted that."

"Do you mind hearing me repeat the list of ports with their numbers till I have got it pat? I mustn't write them down, or I know that I should forget and leave them lying about."

"I'll tell you what it is, young man: you seem to have a natural gift for this sort of work, and we'll train you into a schoolboy Sherlock Holmes. That will be quite an original departure. Now I'm going to take you to a club to have some luncheon. Could you eat anything now?"

"I can always eat all day long. I've never been in a club in my life. I'm afraid that I shall be awfully shy, Mr. Ambrose."

Upon their return to Mount Street, P.J. resumed his work, and translated some peculiarly uninteresting letters.

"Nothing in those," commented Ambrose. "By the way, P.J., 'enemy' is usually spelt with one *n* only, and we generally write *rumour*, not *rumer*."

"I told you that I was perfectly putrid at spelling, Mr. Ambrose. Why did the chap say in that last letter I translated that 'Cumberland air is so very good'? It seems lugged in on purpose."

"I haven't the vaguest idea. It is not of great importance, is it?"

"In the one I translated for you this morning there was something too," and P.J. searched amongst the pile of papers. "Here it is. 'Mrs. Mason is going for a nice long rest to Cumberland.' That looks lugged in too. Might I have a squint at that invitation to supper that Hill dropped? Thanks. 'We will not forget your favourite Cumberland sauce.'" P.J. began counting on his fingers, and then gave a little whistle of two notes, with an interval of a major third between them.

"Whatever is up, P.J.? A brain-wave?"

"No, just an idea. Didn't you say, Mr. Ambrose, that those ciphers were written in ten columns? May I have just one shot at them before they go to Mr. Thingummy, the cipher man? I've just remembered something, and I'm awfully keen on acrostics and things, and can usually do them. You see it isn't often that a chap of my age can have a go at a real enemy cipher. I'll remember to spell enemy with one *n*."

Ambrose unlocked a drawer and withdrew two papers. "Here they are! Both duplicates; but you will be a very clever boy if you can make head or tail of them. But amuse yourself with them if you like."

Mr. Davenant for probably the first time in his life actually remained silent for half an hour on end, during which time he scribbled away on scraps of paper and rucked his curly yellow hair into a dense tangle. He then stuck both his legs out straight before him, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and gazed up meditatively at the ceiling.

"I can see that you are tired of experimenting with those ciphers. If you give them back to me, I will lock them up again, and they shall go to Mr. Wrigglesworth to-morrow."

"Hadn't I better give you the translation—I don't know the proper word for it—of them first?" suggested P.J.

"You don't mean to tell me that you have succeeded in decoding those ciphers?" asked Ambrose incredulously.

"Oh yes! And they're in English, as I thought."

"Are you humbugging, P.J.? Deciphering is quite an art by itself."

"I've got a cousin, Mr. Ambrose, who is a Sapper, and an awfully clever fellow. He showed me that cipher. You take a key-word; any word will do if the same letter doesn't come twice in it. Then you write out your key-word with the letters some way apart, and you write your message; one letter under every letter of the key-word. Then you shift the letters of your key-word as they would come in the alphabet, if you understand, and you move the columns of letters at the same time. I'll show you, and you'll see how simple it is. Of course, if you don't know the key-word, you're boiled. Your cipher had ten columns in it. All these letters dragged in the word 'Cumberland' for no reason, and Cumberland has got ten letters in it. I just tried it, and out it came, and here's the answer. Look here, Mr. Ambrose. You gave me this:—

O	A	Y	O	R	T	U	N	E	O
N	Y	T	E	A	O	F	C	T	I
O	L	S	E	I	G	I	F	N	A
N	Y	V	P	T	A	R	S	R	E
N	G	O	P	I	I	T	G	V	R
S	A	O	I	N	E	T	T	D	R
M	E	M	E	D	U	T	B	N	A
N	M	R	G	E	A	F	D	N	O
6	T	U	N	O	I	S	L	J	N
		D							N

"Cumberland has got ten letters in it, and those ten letters would, as they come in the alphabet, be

A B C D E L M N R U;

you see that? so I wrote those letters in that order over the cipher, like this:—

A	*B*	*C*	*D*	*E*	*L*	*M*	*N*	*R*	*U*
O	A	Y	O	R	T	U	N	E	O
N	Y	T	E	A	O	F	C	T	I
O	L	S	E	I	G	I	F	N	A
N	Y	V	P	T	A	R	S	R	E
N	G	O	P	I	I	T	G	V	R
S	A	O	I	N	E	T	T	D	R
M	E	M	E	D	U	T	B	N	A
N	M	R	G	E	A	F	D	N	O
6	T	U	N	O	I	S	L	J	N
		D							N

"Then I put all the letters back so as to make 'Cumberland,' each column into its proper place. Then we get this:—

C	*U*	*M*	*B*	*E*	*R*	*L*	*A*	*N*	*D*
Y	O	U	A	R	E	T	O	N	O
T	I	F	Y	A	T	O	N	C	E
S	A	I	L	I	N	G	O	F	E
V	E	R	Y	T	R	A	N	S	P
O	R	T	G	I	V	I	N	G	P
O	R	T	A	N	D	E	S	T	I
M	A	T	E	D	N	U	M	B	E
R	O	F	M	E	N	A	N	D	G
U	N	S	T	O	J	1	6	L	N
D	N								

and you just read it off: 'You are to notify at once sailing of every transport giving port and estimated number of men and guns to J. I. 6 Lndn.' Oh! that last word must be London; and perhaps it isn't J. I., but J. 16, London——"

"J. 16, London!" interrupted Ambrose; "then, by George! we've got her at last."

(*To be continued.*)

✣ ✣ ✣

MOLLY had been to school for the first time.

Mother. "Well, Molly, what did you learn?"

Molly. "Didn't learn anything, but there was a lady who wanted to know how to spell 'dog,' so I told her."

Sent in by PAULINE NORMAN,
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Radio-Telephony and Broadcasting

RADIO-TELEPHONY has been the objective of many inventors, from the date of the invention of the telephone. Early in the history of the latter, Dr. Bell endeavoured to perfect a system of telephony without wires, by using light rays. His instrument, which was called the "photophone," was found to be of such limited range, however, as to be impracticable.

Radio-telephony of to-day is based on a modification of the principles of Radio-telegraphy. It depended on the invention of some apparatus that would propagate undamped, continuous electric waves at Radio-frequency. This has been made possible by three separate inventions: the Poulsen arc, the high-frequency alternator, and the thermionic valve.

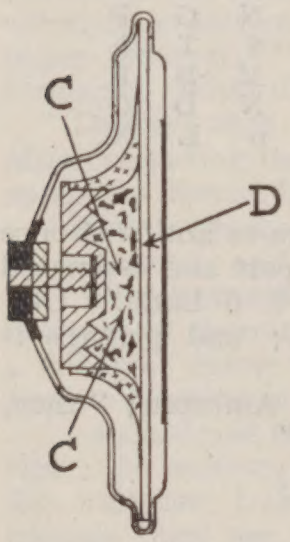


FIG. 1.—Telephone Microphone.
C, Carbon granules; D, Diaphragm.

Professor Hughes discovered that the resistance of a loosely packed conducting material to an electric current varied enormously with the alteration in pressure to which the conducting medium was subjected. He found that sound waves impinging upon the conductor were sufficient to vary the resistance, and consequently the current in the circuit. This discovery forms the basis of the transmitter in the ordinary line-telephone. The voice of the speaker impinges on a diaphragm (Fig. 1, D), behind which carbon granules are loosely packed. These granules are compressed or relaxed in varying degrees, according to the nature of the sound waves that strike the diaphragm. Variations of current in the circuit follow, and cause a corresponding variation in the receiver. By means of another diaphragm, the original sound waves are exactly reproduced, and so the listener is able to hear what is being said by the speaker (Fig. 2).

As the telephone is sensitive only to changes of current, a current of unvarying intensity will not cause any sound to be heard, except perhaps a faint "click" at the moment of making and breaking the current. In practice, a steady current is generated through the transmitter, but this current is varied in amplitude by the action of the diaphragm.

Although Radio-telephony is carried out on an exactly similar principle, the variations in the current, as used in line-telephony, are of too low a frequency to cause electro-magnetic waves in the ether, nor are they sufficiently powerful. To overcome these difficulties a "carrier wave" is employed, formed by the emission of undamped, high-frequency oscillations of constant amplitude (Fig. 3, A).

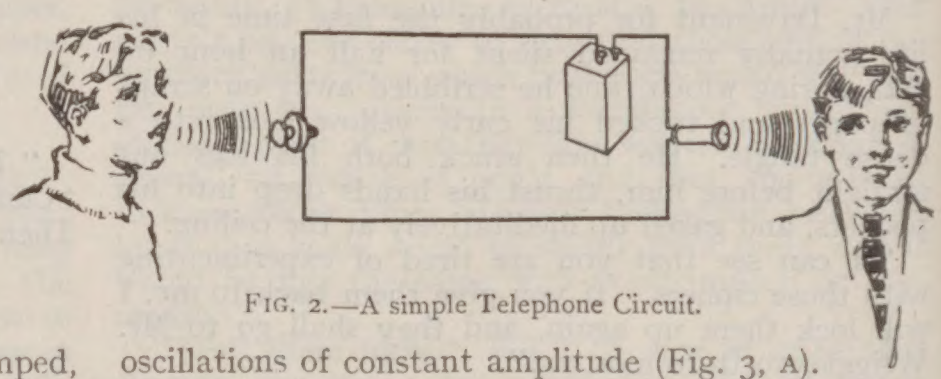


FIG. 2.—A simple Telephone Circuit.

As in line telephony, a transmitter is introduced in the circuit (Fig. 7, A), and impresses the variations caused by the voice on the carrier wave. These superimposed on the oscillations of the carrier wave cause it to vary in strength, according to the sounds transmitted (Fig. 3, B).

As will be seen from Fig. 3, the oscillations are divided into groups, each of which helps to form the outline of the speech-controlled wave. Eliminating the individual oscillations, we get a general change of outline of the speech-controlled current as shown in Fig. 4. The groups persist so long as the sound to be transmitted remains unchanged. For instance, if the operator is singing one sustained note, the record would be as shown in Fig. 5, the regular group-contours persisting as long as the note continues. Should the operator commence speaking, however, the contour of the groups would become irregular (see Fig. 6).

Supposing that a singer was broadcasting very softly a note, the pitch of which was "middle C." The strength of the carrier wave would be varied at

a constant rate that corresponds to the pitch of that note. Assuming the singer to next sing the note with

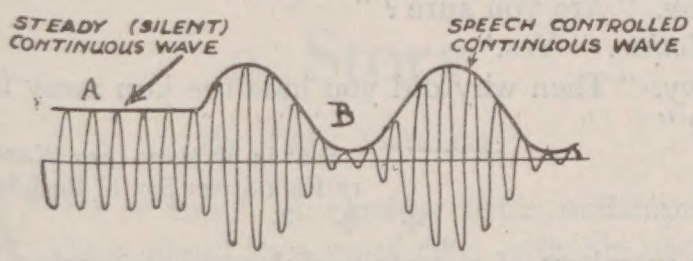


FIG. 3.—(A), Steady, and (B), Controlled Waves.

full power, the carrier wave is again varied at exactly the same rate as previously, but it is now strengthened to a greater degree and thus gives the effect of loudness. If, now, the note sung be an octave higher in the scale, the intervals between the regular group contours would be shortened to a quicker rate—there would be more undulations in a

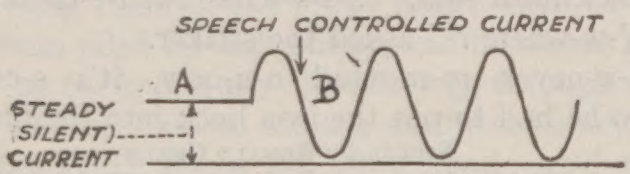


FIG. 4.—Outline of Speech-controlled Current as it reaches the Telephones.

given space of time—the effect being to make the pitch higher. The difference between notes in music and vowels and consonants in speech is reflected in the varying outline, or shape, of the speech-controlled current, which is quite distinct from the rapidity with which the outlines follow each other, or from the degree of their strengthening.

In transmission these variations are passed from the microphone through the transmitting apparatus to the valves, where they appear as changes of potential on the grid. When the grid is thus given a positive charge, more current is fed to the aerial by the plate than is normally the case. When the grid receives a negative charge, the supply of current to the aerial is diminished. Thus, during transmission of any sound, the aerial is never actually radiating

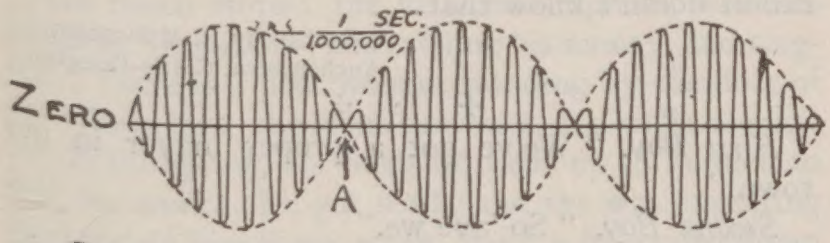


FIG. 5.—Oscillograph of waves when operator is singing or whistling one note.

steady or continuous oscillations. At one time it oscillates more strongly than at another, being controlled entirely by the voice or music at the microphone.

Modulation, or the moulding of the current into the form of a wave for transmission, is a very important factor in Radio-telephony. The principle is exactly the same as in the ordinary telephone, however, with the exception that in the former case it is the Radio-frequency current in the transmitting aerial that is controlled, and in the latter the direct or steady current in the line-wire, between transmitter and re-

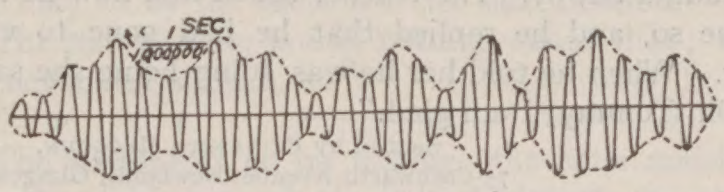


FIG. 6.—Operator speaking. (Observe that the interval of one-millionth of a second is maintained between individual oscillations, although these now vary in amplitude.)

ceiver. Modulation may be so perfect that every inflection of a speaker's voice is faithfully reproduced, or the most delicate music perfectly rendered. Such effective modulation is obtained by a complete control of the wave by which the depressions or troughs of the loud waves are allowed to dip to a point where the

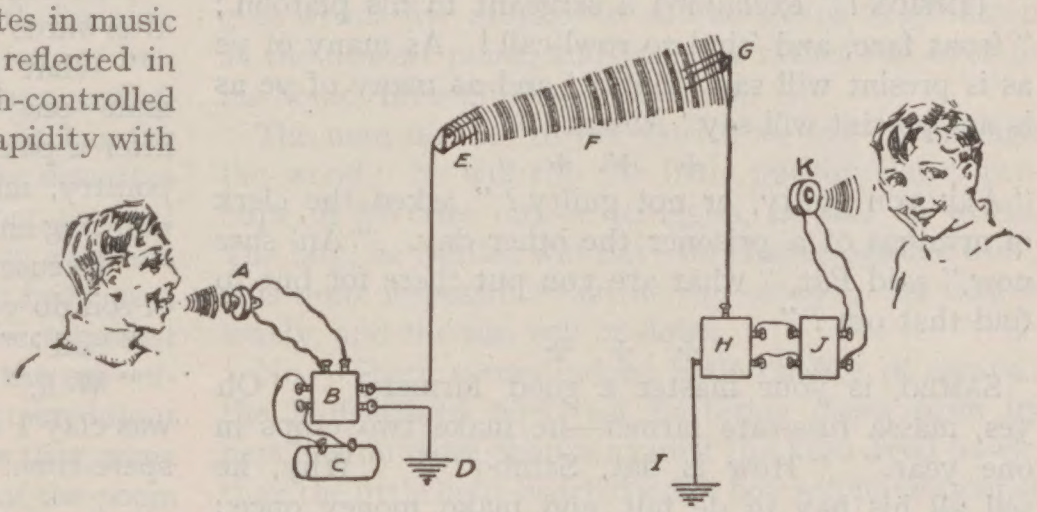


FIG. 7.—A radio-telephone is exactly similar in principle to an ordinary line-telephone. A, Transmitter; B, Modulator; C, Oscillation generator; D, Earth; E, Aerial; F, Radio waves; G, Aerial of receiving station; H, Tuning apparatus; I, Earth; J, Detector; K, Telephone receiver.

wave energy reaches zero (Fig. 5, A). Under-modulation means that the variations in the flow of energy are too slight, and consequently the speech or music is very faint. At the other extreme the crests and the troughs of the waves are flattened out, with the result that the quality of the speech is damaged, and especially in the louder sounds. Unless the form of the transmitted wave is the same as the form of the wave in the actual speech or music, distortion will cause music to be "tinny," and speech to be "muffled." Distortion may be so bad that nothing is received but a succession of shrieks.

SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young are the sunshine of the old"

A CLASS was once told by the Sunday-school teacher to make some one glad during the week. The next Sunday one little boy was asked if he had made anybody happy. He said he had made his grandma happy. The teacher asked him how he had done so, and he replied that he had gone to visit her. When he told her he was going home she said, "Oh, Tommy, I am glad."

Sent in by ELIZABETH MACGOUN,
75 Carnwarth Avenue, Newlands, Glasgow,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

✢ ✢ ✢

A GENTLEMAN travelling on horseback not long ago came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he; "a herd of cows would starve to death on that land." "And shure, your honour, wasn't I fincing it to keep the poor bastes out iv it?"

✢ ✢ ✢

"'TINTION!" exclaimed a sergeant to his platoon; "front face, and 'tind to rowl-call! As many of ye as is presint will say 'Here!' and as many of ye as is not presint will say 'Absent!'"

✢ ✢ ✢

"ARE you guilty, or not guilty?" asked the clerk of arraigns of a prisoner the other day. "An' sure now," said Pat, "what are you put there for but to find that out?"

✢ ✢ ✢

"SAMBO, is your master a good farmer?" "Oh yes, massa fuss-rate farmer—he make two crops in one year." "How is dat, Sambo?" "Why, he sell all his hay in de fall, and make money once; den in de spring he sell de hides of de cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice."

✢ ✢ ✢

A NERVOUS man, whose life was made miserable by the clattering of two blacksmiths, prevailed upon each of them to remove by the offer of a liberal sum of money. When the money was paid down, he kindly inquired to what neighbourhood they intended to remove.

"Why, sir," replied Jack, with a grin on his face, "Tom Smith moves to my shop, and I move to his."

✢ ✢ ✢

Pat. "Wonderful things these aeroplanes."

Mike. "Yes."

Pat. "Sure, and it's meself that wouldn't like to be up there without one."

LITTLE boy to his mother: "Mum, do you trust me?"

Mother. "Yes."

Boy. "Are you sure?"

Mother. "Yes."

Boy. "Then why did you hide the jam away from me?"

Sent in by MARGARET WARD,
17 King Street South, Rochdale.

✢ ✢ ✢

THE members of a certain club were discussing how to make the clubroom beautiful. One man said, "Shall we have a veranda?" "No," said another. "What would be the use of having one when none of us can play one?"

Sent in by ETHEL ATKINSON,
Worsthorne Council School, Worsthorne, near Burnley, Lancs.

✢ ✢ ✢

A BLACKSMITH and his striker both stuttered, and the blacksmith said, "S-s-s-strike i-it t-t-there."

"W-w-where?" asked the striker.

"N-n-never m-m-mind n-n-now, it's c-c-cold." And so he had to put the iron back into the fire.

Sent in by RONALD GREENWOOD,
6 Halstead Street, Worsthorne, near Burnley, Lancs.

✢ ✢ ✢

A COLONEL requiring a manservant inserted an advertisement in the paper to that effect. Shortly afterwards an applicant called.

"What I want," said the colonel, "is a useful man—one who can cook, wait, drive a motor, look after a pair of horses, clean boots and windows, feed poultry, milk a cow, make butter, and do a bit of painting and paper-hanging."

"Excuse me, sir," said the applicant, "what kind of soil do you have round here?"

"Soil?" snapped the colonel.

"Well," replied the other, "I thought if the soil was clay I might make bricks and build 'ouses in my spare time."

✢ ✢ ✢

Two Irishmen went out shooting with one gun between them. Suddenly they started a rabbit, and Pat brought the gun up to his shoulder. "Hold on," cried his companion, "the gun is not loaded!" "Och," said Pat, "hould yer whist now. Shure the rabbit doesn't know that."

Sent in by R. M'SHERRY,
Auchencairn, Castle-Douglas.

✢ ✢ ✢

First Boy. "We've got a proper mayor in our town."

Second Boy. "So 'ave we."

First Boy. "But ours has got a collar and chain. 'As yours?"

Second Boy. "No. We lets 'im go about loose!"

Sent in by TOM M'KINSTRY,
Parkgate, Templepatrick, Co. Antrim.

Two Ways of Telling a Story

By Jean Ingelow

WHO is this? A careless little midshipman, idling about in a great city, with his pockets full of money.

He is waiting for the coach: it comes up presently, and he gets on the top of it, and begins to look about him.

They soon leave the chimney-pots behind them; his eyes wander with delight over the harvest fields, he smells the honeysuckle in the hedge-row, and he wishes he was down among the hazel bushes, that he might strip them of the milky nuts; then he sees a great wain piled up with barley, and he wishes he was seated on the top of it; then they go through a little wood, and he likes to see the chequered shadows of the trees lying across the white road; and then a squirrel runs up a bough, and he cannot forbear to whoop and halloo, though he cannot chase it to its nest.

The other passengers are delighted with his simplicity and childlike glee; and they encourage him to talk to them about the sea and ships, especially Her Majesty's ship *The Asp*, wherein he has the honour to sail. In the jargon of the sea, he describes her many perfections, and enlarges on her peculiar advantages; he then confides to them how a certain middy, having been ordered to the mast-head as a punishment, had seen, while sitting on the top-mast cross-trees, something uncommonly like the sea-serpent—but, finding this hint received with incredulous smiles, he begins to tell them how he hopes that, some day, he shall be promoted to have charge of the poop. The passengers hope he will have that honour; they have no doubt he deserves it. His cheeks flush with pleasure to hear them say so, and he little thinks that they have no notion in what "that honour" may happen to consist.

The coach stops: the little midshipman, with his hands in his pockets, sits rattling his money, and singing. There is a poor woman standing by the door of the village inn; she looks careworn, and well she may, for, in the spring, her husband went up to London to seek for work. He got work, and she was expecting soon to join him there, when, alas! a fellow-workman sent her word how he had met with an accident, how her husband was very ill, and wanted his wife to come and nurse him. But she has two young children, and is destitute; she must walk up all the way, and she is sick at heart when she thinks that perhaps he may die among strangers before she can reach him.

She does not think of begging, but seeing the boy's eyes attracted to her, she makes him a curtsey, and he withdraws his hand and throws her down a sovereign. She looks at it with incredulous joy, and then she looks at him.

"It's all right," he says, and the coach starts again, while, full of gratitude, she hires a cart to take her across the country to the railway, that the next night she may sit by the bedside of her sick husband.

The midshipman knows nothing about that; and he never will know.

* * * * * *

The passengers go on talking—the little midshipman has told them who he is, and where he is going; but there is one man who has never joined in the conversation; he is dark-looking and restless; he sits apart; he has seen the glitter of the falling coin, and now he watches the boy more narrowly than before.

He is a strong man, resolute and determined; the boy with the pockets full of money will be no match for him. He has told the other passengers that his father's house is the parsonage at Y——, the coach goes within five miles of it, and he means to get down at the nearest point, and walk, or rather run over to his home, through the great wood.

The man decides to get down too, and go through the wood; he will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out or struggles, he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chance against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down.

No. There seems indeed little chance of escape; the half-fledged bird just fluttering down from its nest has no more chance against the keen-eyed hawk, than the little light-hearted sailor boy will have against him.

And now they reach the village where the boy is to alight. He wishes the other passengers "good evening," and runs lightly down between the scattered houses. The man has got down also, and is following.

The path lies through the village churchyard; there is evening service, and the door is wide open, for it is warm. The little midshipman steals up the porch, looks in, and listens. The clergyman has just risen from his knees in the pulpit, and is giving out his text. Thirteen months have passed since the boy was within a house of prayer; and a feeling of pleasure and awe induces him to stand still and listen.

"Are not two sparrows (he hears) sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground

without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

He hears the opening sentences of the sermon; and then he remembers his home, and comes softly out of the porch, full of a calm and serious pleasure. The clergyman has reminded him of his father, and his careless heart is now filled with the echoes of his voice and of his prayers.

He thinks on what the clergyman said, of the care of our heavenly Father for us; he remembers how, when he left home, his father prayed that he might be preserved through every danger; he does not remember any particular danger that he has been exposed to, excepting in the great storm; but he is grateful that

he has come home in safety, and he hopes whenever he shall be in danger, which he supposes he shall be some day, he hopes that then the providence of God will watch over him and protect him. And so he presses onward to the entrance of the wood.

The man is there before him. He has pushed himself into the thicket, and cut a heavy stake; he allows the boy to go on before, and then he comes out, falls into the path and follows him.

It is too light at present for his deed of darkness, and too near the entrance of the wood, but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

But what prompts the little midshipman, when not fifty yards from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear; he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for home, makes him dash off suddenly after his saunter, with a whoop and a bound. On he goes, as if running a race; the path bends, and the man loses sight of him. "But I shall have him yet," he thinks; "he cannot keep this pace up long."

The boy has nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he puts up a young white owl that can scarcely fly, and it goes whirring along, close to the ground, before him. He gains upon it; another moment, and it will be his. Now it gets the start again; they come to the branching of the paths, and the bird goes down the wrong one. The temptation to follow is too strong to be resisted; he knows that somewhere, deep in the wood, there is a cross track by which he can get into the path he has left; it is only to run a little faster and he shall be at home nearly as soon.

On he rushes; the path takes a bend, and he is just out of sight when his pursuer comes where the paths divide. The boy has turned to the right; the man takes the left, and the faster they both run the farther they are asunder.

The white owl still leads him on; the path gets darker and narrower; at last he finds that he has missed it altogether, and his feet are on the soft ground. He flounders about among the trees and stumps, vexed with himself, and panting after his race. At last he hits upon another track, and pushes on as fast as he can. The ground begins sensibly to descend—he has lost his way—but he keeps bearing to the left; and, though it is now dark, he thinks that he must reach the main path sooner or later.

He does not know this part of the wood, but he runs on. O little midshipman! why did you chase that owl? If you had kept in the path with the dark man behind you, there was a chance that you might have outrun him; or, if he had overtaken you, some passing wayfarer might have heard your cries, and come to save you. Now you are running on straight to your death, for the forest water is deep and black at the bottom of this hill. O that the moon might come out and show it to you!

The moon is under a thick canopy of heavy black clouds, and there is not a star to glitter on the water and make it visible. The fern is soft under his feet as he runs and slips down the sloping hill. At last he strikes his foot against a stone, stumbles and falls. Two minutes more and he will roll into the black water.

(To be continued.)

A Friend in the Far East

THE Editress has received the following letter from a Japanese reader, and has much pleasure in sharing it with her readers. After reading the letter herself, she thought for just one moment of offering a book prize for the best letter written *in Japanese* by a British boy or girl. Our Japanese friend would undoubtedly appreciate picture post cards from some of our British readers. The first card referred to is shown on this page, but not its lovely colours.

ZIZE, *September* 29, 1923.

DEAR EDITRESS,

May I have the pleasure of asking you that my previous picture post card has safely reached your hands? If so, please publish it in your paper to all dear readers in Great Britain, with whom I also should like to correspond or exchange picture post cards.

I think you have read in papers the recent severe earthquake in our country. The disaster was far violent in Tokio direction, but the Western part, where I live, was not suffered at all. And I every day go to school and enjoy with your magazine with perfect health, so please not be anxious with me.

The town where I live is near the city of Kyoto, and stands on the shore of Lake Biwa, the largest one in Japan.

To go round the lake we find eight fine famous views, which called Omihakkei (in Japanese).

The previous card and enclosed in this letter are the sights, where I have visited many times before. In summer I enjoy to swim in the lake, on which far away some white sails sail and unknown birds are flying in the sky, all are calm and peaceful. Do you like to swim? I can swim about four miles.

It has become a little cool, and autumn has come with its beautiful moon, water, flower, and others, while at every night we can enjoy so many lovely songs of insects from the grassy garden. I like autumn because of its calmness. In taking for a walk in the morning and evening all are still.

Hoping that you pardon my poor English,—Yours truly,

K. KANEMATSU.

Motto for January

Never esteem anything as of advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose thy self-respect.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

Sent in by ETHEL F. MASTERSON,
13 Knappa Terrace, Sligo,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS

John Willie

By Jean M'Intosh

"HAVE you ever heard of any one having a real live goose for a pet?" said Uncle John to Willie and Tommy.

"Oh! do tell us all about it, uncle," said Tommy.

Now these two little boys loved to hear a nice story; and whenever their uncle came to live with them, they made him promise to come to their nursery every evening and tell them a story.

"Well," said Uncle John, when they had settled down, "this is a *true* story that I am going to tell you to-night.

"I know it is true, because I saw the goose not very long ago, and very funny he did look with his——

"But I must begin at the beginning."

* * * * * *

In a country village not very far from the seaside lived a little boy and girl with their father and mother.

Now these people were very, very poor.

It was drawing very near to Christmas time, and they were thinking of all the nice presents and things that little boys like you would be sure to get on Christmas morning.

Said Robbie (for that was the boy's name) to his sister,—

"Mamie, do you think Father Christmas will bring *us* anything this year?"

"I do hope so," said Mamie. "I *have* tried to be good."

"What would *you* like?" said Robbie.

"Well," said Mamie, who was thinking hard, "I think I should like something that we could all share—father and mother as well."

"But what could that be?" asked Robbie.

"Well, I *have* thought of something," said Mamie, "but I am afraid you will laugh at me if I tell you."

"Oh no, I won't," cried Robbie. "Do tell me what it is."

"I shall tell you," said Mamie, "if you promise faithfully not to laugh."

"I promise faithfully," answered Robbie.

"Well," Mamie went on, "I thought that I should like Father Christmas to send me a *goose*, and then we could all have it for dinner on Christmas day."

"That would be jolly," said Robbie. "What a surprise for father and mother!"

"Yes, that is what I thought," said Mamie, much relieved that Robbie did not laugh.

"Let us both call up the chimney and ask Father Christmas if he will send us one."

So Robbie and Mamie shouted up the chimney together, and what a noise they did make! This is what they said:—

"Please, Father Christmas, we should like a lovely big goose for Christmas instead of a present for our stockings."

"I wonder if he heard," said Robbie and Mamie together.

But Father Christmas did hear. For there was a tiny little fairy listening all the time, and she caught the message in one of her wings, and flew right away there and then to give it to Santa Claus.

Next morning Robbie and Mamie ran into the garden, and what do you think they saw?

"Oh, oh!" cried Mamie.

"Oh, oh!" cried Robbie.

"It *has* come," they both said together.

And there, waddling about on the grass, was a large GOOSE.

They ran away to tell their mother, who said, "Well, we must give it something to eat."

So Robbie and Mamie fed it, not only that morning, but every morning.

By-and-by this goose became very tame, and was soon the pet of the family.

"I am afraid we shall never have him for dinner now," said Robbie.

"Oh no," answered Mamie; "I could not bear to eat him, he is such a darling."

So they kept him and gave him the name of John Willie.

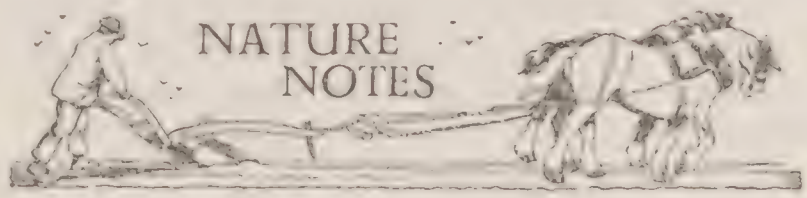
* * * * * *

"And now," said Uncle John, "if you are good children, I will take you to see this strange pet some fine day.

"You will see it going for a walk with its master. It sometimes walks along beside him for miles, with a slow, stately tread.

"Or you may see it sitting on its master's shoulder while he sits and reads.

"It will also feed out of your hand as dainty as—well, as a goose can."



The Common Wasp

BRITISH Wasps are of two very distinct kinds—"Social" and "Solitary."

The Social Wasps resemble the hive-bee in many of their ways. As with the bee, there are three sexes: "queens" or perfect females; "neuters"—usually called "workers"; and the "drones" or males.

These Social Wasps make nests in which they live as a community or family. Some species of our British Social Wasps make nests within the ground, while others place their nests in trees. This rule is not invariable; a Ground Wasp sometimes makes its nest in trees, and a Tree Wasp will occasionally have its dwelling underground. I say "a" Wasp, because it is a single individual only that selects the spot for the nest.

I am afraid that it is useless to hope that Wasps will ever be popular insects; their manners are against them. They come flying into our houses with a loud aggressive hum, and they are so persistent at our table in attacks upon the sugar-basin, jar of marmalade or jam, or plate of fruit. Still I shall try to make you think a little better of the Wasp as you read on.

It is not really savage, and it does not wish to sting; in fact it is far less likely to employ its weapon than the honey-bee. It does much good, for it lives largely upon insect food, destroying many creatures that do damage to our field and garden crops.

Wasps certainly do harm, no one is more aware of that than I; for I once owned a garden and a little vinery. One summer there was a fine crop of grapes upon the vines; the Wasps discovered them, came in their hundreds to the vinery, and sucked the juices of the grapes until the empty shrivelled skins alone remained.

The damage done to fruit in this way is sometimes extremely serious; it is on that account that nowadays rewards are often offered for each queen Wasp found and killed in spring. It is this queen that is the founder of each family, and we will therefore follow here the story of her life and work.

Wasps are extremely sensitive to cold. In autumn all the males and workers perish; only the queen is left to spend the winter in some sheltered nook. With the warm days of spring she issues from her hiding-place to build a home and lay her eggs.

The nest is nearly always built below the ground;

a sunny bank will prove a favourite place. Perhaps a deserted mouse-hole will be found available, and it may not improbably contain a tree root. Such a hole supplies exactly what the queen requires—a warm, sheltered spot and a foundation for her nest.

The nest is built of "paper" which the Wasp makes with her jaws. We are now largely making paper from "wood pulp"; the Wasp did this long before the plan occurred to us. She lights upon some rotten portion of a tree, or a decaying wooden gate-post, rasps off with her jaws a portion, and flies with it to her hole. There, having chewed her burden till it forms a sort of "papier-mâché," she attaches it to the projecting root or to some other firm support.

NEST OF WASP (NATURAL SIZE).

Again and again she repeats her journey till she has formed a kind of little stem.

Attached to this she makes, still with the same material, a small tier of cells, in each of which she lays an egg. Over this group of cells she makes a dome-shaped cover, continuing this protection down the sides and underneath. Below this topmost tier of cells, attached to it by a continuation of the stem, another tier is built, the surrounding screen being enlarged in a downward direction.

The queen works at her best speed, for, till the eggs first laid are hatched, she is entirely without assistance in her task. We often have the ant held up to us as an example of great industry; that of the Wasp is quite as much to be admired.

Soon there is added to her labours the additional work of feeding the grubs hatched from the first eggs; flies and other insects of all kinds, of which her larvæ eat the softer portions, must be caught. Juices of fruit she carries to them also, with small scraps of meat from butchers' shops.

But, happily for her, these earlier larvæ, having passed through a brief time as pupæ, all turn into worker Wasps. Henceforth the queen devotes herself to laying more eggs; the workers pay attention to the feeding of the young, the building of fresh tiers of cells, the keeping clean of the whole nest.

The tiers of the completed nest may number seven or eight. And as additional tiers are built the screen around them is cut away from the inside and rebuilt from without, always enlarging downwards. It may perhaps seem to you a waste of time that it should need to be in part destroyed in this way when each further tier of cells is built; but, in all stages of its growth, it is needful that it be entirely surrounded so that the eggs and grubs may be kept warm.

The entrance is always at the bottom; there is a space between the globe-shaped screen and the cell tiers to give free passage to the attendant Wasps, and the upper tier of cells, as soon as empty of its larvæ, is destroyed, the space being used to form a kind of general hall or chamber where the inmates of the nest may shelter in wet, chilly weather, and at night.

What is a little difficult to see the reason for, is that the cells are all made upside down—that is, each has its entrance underneath. True, the larvæ are equipped with jaws by means of which to keep a hold on the cell walls, but if they once let go and fall their life is at an end. The workers charged with the duty of keeping the hive clean will pick them up and throw them out to die.

As summer wanes, females and males, or drones, are hatched from recently laid eggs. Some of these females will survive the winter and be queens the following year, but the drones soon perish.

Perhaps you will now regard the Wasp with less aversion and alarm than was the case before. Keep calm, sit still, and do not try to strike it, then it is unlikely that it will do you any harm. The greatest danger is that you should get one in your mouth by biting some ripe plum or other fruit before you make quite certain that a Wasp is not concealed within. Your mouth will seem a most alarming cavern to the Wasp; we cannot be surprised that in such circumstances it should use its sting, and the consequences of a Wasp's sting in the mouth or throat are sometimes serious.

✣ ✣ ✣

A MAN was taken to court for assaulting another man. When the judge questioned him he said, "I am afraid I did hurt him a little, but he would argue that Yokohama was in Spain, when I knew all the time it was in Sweden."

Sent in by WINNIE LEMON,
11 Pirbright Road, Southfields, S.W.18.

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than January 15 will be considered.

[*We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.*]

Competitions for January

SPECIAL NOTICE

Competitors are asked to note particularly the second part of Rule 2. When the competitions are sorted out for judging, those that have not full particulars on them become of no value.

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

You have gone for a long cycle run. On your way home your bicycle breaks down in a lonely part of the country, and you are compelled to spend the night in a deserted house. Describe your experiences until you reach home again.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a shop window at Christmas time.

BUYING PRESENTS

Uncle Benjamin had been taking his family around buying Christmas presents. On the way home he said, "I came out this morning with a certain amount of money in my pocket, and I find I have spent just half of it. In fact, if you will believe me, I take home just as many shillings as I had pounds, and half as many pounds as I had shillings." Can you say exactly how much money Uncle Benjamin had spent on those presents ?

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

Tell in your own words the story of Naaman.

For Children under Twelve only

VERSE COMPETITION

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Write two verses imitating the above, but changing the names and the story—for example, "Tom and Kate ran out to skate . . ."

WORD PUZZLE

I consist of two words, containing respectively eleven and four letters.

My 5, 2, 13, 9 is part of our daily food.
My 1, 12, 6, 3, 4, 14, 10 is a musical instrument.
My 15, 13, 7, 9, 2, 11, 7 is a policeman's companion at night.
My 1, 13, 14, 15, 10, 4 is a kind of bag.
My whole is the name of a famous building in London.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of the picture given below, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress describing the kind of Christmas entertainment you most enjoy.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a Noah's Ark with one or two of the animals outside it, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.

Prize List for November

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—William Hughes, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay. Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—Dorothy Durrant, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Faith Jepps and Malcolm Upton, Southfield School, S.W.18.

Geographical Puzzle

[The names of the towns were: Oakham, Appleby, Harrogate, Swansea, Redruth, Oxford (or Camelford), Crewe, Barnstaple, Warrington, Jarrow.]

The following sent in the neatest *correctly spelled* solutions:—

Prize-Winners.—Betty M'Callum, 68 Clarendon Gardens, Ilford. Maggie Brown, Forge Cottage, Goodnestone, near Faversham. Maurice Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Eileen G. Green, East Ham; Eileen M'Kinney and Marjorie Ainsworth, Milton, Portsmouth; Walter Evans, Chester Road Council School, New Ferry; Sydney Holmes and Faith Jepps, Southfield School, S.W.18; Allan Stevenson, Glenview, Chapelhall; George Thompson, Newtownards; Kathleen Getty and Nora Hillis, Belfast; Dorothy Hardy, Fulham; Arnold P. Austin, Grange-over-Sands; Dorothy Durrant, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; John F. Duff, Cathcart; Olive Selkirk, Middlesbrough; Evelyn Smith, Graveney, near Faversham.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (A)

Prize-Winners.—F. Chapple, Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W.18. Doreen I. Buss, Budgenor Cottage, Midhurst, Sussex. Hilda Boult, Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W.18. David Caig, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey.

Honourable Mention.—Albert Williams and Samuel Roberts, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; Edna Gillespie, New Cleethorpes; Adelaide Macfarlane, Heathville, Bearsden, near Glasgow; John Brennan, Larne; Alfred Sagar, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley.

Letter Competition

Prize-Winners.—Violet Laker, Christ Church School, Worthing. Eileen Fairhurst, 8 Blendworth Road, Portsmouth. Ronald Greenwood, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—Kathleen Goate, Bankway, Royston; Sydney Elliott, Belfast; Dulcie E. Rofe and Gladys Blaxland, Southfield School, S.W.18; Phyllis Cresswell, New Cleethorpes; Harry Kenny, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey.

Proverb Competition

[The proverb was: "Look before you leap."]

The neatest correct solutions were sent in by the following:—

Prize-Winners.—Harold Shove, 82 St. John's Road, Redhill, Surrey. William Hughes, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay. Dorothy Staves, 73 Sidmouth Street, Hull.

Honourable Mention.—Joan Waite, Milton, Portsmouth; Dorothy Botley, Redhill; Maggie Brown, Goodnestone, near Faversham; Matthew Stevenson, Glenview, Chapelhall; Florence Bolton, Bromley; J. W. Sharpe, Norwich; Maud M'Keernan, Aghadowey; John O'Brien and Francis Lemon, Southfield School, S.W.18; Jennie Semple, Strabane; Evelyn Wright, Birmingham; Arnold P. Austin, Grange-over-Sands; Joan Smith, Emsworth; Ralph Wilcock, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Constance Cossam, Feltham; Ethel Astill, Coventry.

Scripture Knowledge Competition

Prize-Winners.—Philip Goode, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham. Rene Pate, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Olwen Pierce, Twthill, Carnarvon; Kenrick Thomas and George Burslem, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Matthew Stevenson, Glenview, Chapelhall.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (B)

Prize-Winners.—James Dorman, Carricknacessna, Saintfield, Co. Down. Rosemary Easton, Hopeleigh, Pendleton, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—W. Hewson, Southfield School, S.W.18; Arthur Douthwaite, Huntwood, near Burnley; George Watson, Glasgow; Reggie Beach, Rubery, near Birmingham; Marian Prosser, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Elfreda Elford, Horbury Junction, Wakefield.

Composition Competition

Prize-Winners.—Doris Davies, 221 Lewis Buildings, Fulham, S.W. Jack Balchin, Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W.18. Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Nora Hambly, London; Ronald Harvey and Eric Bibby, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Phyllis Ogbourne, Henbury Girls' and Infants' School, Bristol; Hilda Alliez, Southfield School, S.W.18; John Bridge, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Austen Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (C)

Prize-Winners.—Phyllis Cresswell, 41 Neville Street, New Cleethorpes, Grimsby. J. W. Rathbone, jun., St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey. Brenda Sheila Ormrod, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Margaret Maclachlan, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Sheila Warburton, Mount School, Kersal; Kenrick Thomas, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; John O'Brien, Southfield School, S.W.18.

✣ ✣ ✣

"Why do they give the hens lime to eat, Mother dear?" asked Joyce, in the farmyard.

"To make shells for their eggs," was the reply.

"Oh!" said Joyce.

A little later she was heard passing on the explanation to her smaller brother Jack.

"If they didn't eat lime, you see," she said, "they would lay poached eggs."

✣ ✣ ✣

Father. "A donkey was tied to a rope six feet long; eighteen feet away there was a bundle of hay, and the donkey wanted to get at the hay. How did he manage it?"

Boy. "He gave it up."

Father. "Oh no, he didn't. He just walked up to the hay and ate it."

Boy. "But you said that he was tied to a rope six feet long."

Father. "So he was. But the rope wasn't tied to anything."

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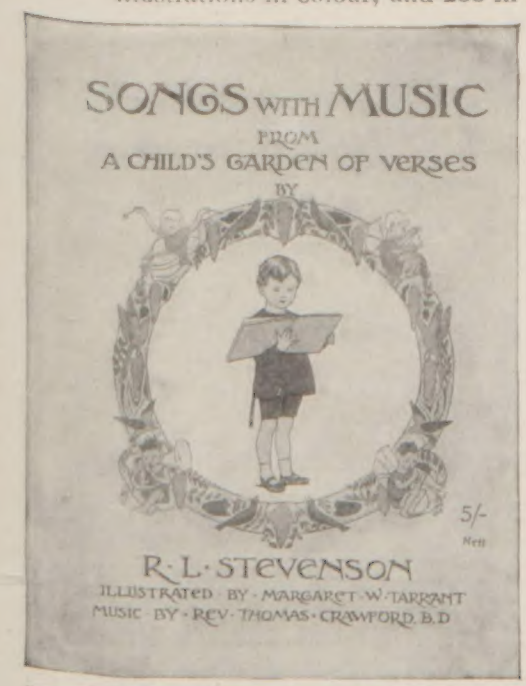

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